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THE DAILY NEWS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880.

The United States will offer a vessel to carry food to Ireland. This is as it should be.

Two Ohio men have announced the discovery of perpetual motion. The feature of the machine is a wheel which starts itself. It would be a good thing for booms to have.

The pardon of the Lafayette bank embezzler makes a case of justice. It is as disgraceful as a similar attempt by President Hayes to shield one in this city charged with the same crime.

Just as we are about to attempt refunding at 3 1/2 per cent, the greenbackers whom the congress has been afraid to face, have found a way, it is said, of bringing their obnoxious and destructive schemes before the house. The issue can not certainly be long avoided. The hard money men can not eat their cake and keep it. There must be a stand made in the line of Senator Bayard's speech, and of Secretary Sherman's admonitions, or with the first turn in the tide of trade, the artificial prices which so largely, and dangerously prevail will flatten, and then "the business interests" will appreciate the fact that some "financial tinkering" and "currency meddling" is a dire necessity.

The Head of the Fire Department.

The duties of the chief of a fire department are closely analogous to those of a general in a campaign. The latter must look after the condition of his men, of his equipments, his arms and munitions, and he must plan and direct battles when fighting time comes. And I frequently happen that a good fighting general is by no means a good providing general. He is masterful under fire, but sluggish and careless when the stimulant of danger is lacking. In such a case, a general to command on the march and plan a campaign, and another to command in an engagement, a sort of Fabius and Marcellus combination, might do as well now as it did during the second Punic war. A fire chief has duties that follow the same classification. He must see to the condition of his apparatus, his horses, his cisterns and hydrants, his men and their health, and he must plan the attack on a fire, place his engines, shift "streams" as a general his battalions, and reinforce as danger grows. The qualities needed for the two are by no means alike. The "general on the peace establishment," the supervisor of preparations may be admirable in that service and "lose his head" at fire, while a first rate fire fighter may easily be good for little in the other duties.

During the term of one of the chiefs of the old volunteer department in this city, the incumbent, though unequalled for prudence and energy in the care of his apparatus, was so well satisfied of his inadequacy at fires that he gave up his command there to his first assistant, an experienced fireman and captain of a company. We have no purpose to fit this distinction to the head of our fire department, but the complaints and exculpations, omissions and retorts, growing out of the recent fire, indicate that there are serious differences of opinion as to the conduct of the department on that occasion, aside from the failure of the water works through the bursting of a main. With these differences, or the provocation to them, we have nothing to do. Our purpose is to direct special attention to the widely diverse duties of the chief, and the easy chance that a selection well adapted to one class might be ill adapted to the other. Of course a man may be able to do both well, but the probability is that an experienced fireman will do better at a fire than any inexperienced man, however capable. To this divergence the city legislature should look in selecting the engineers, and make sure of an old fireman either as chief or assistant. It needs no great experience to make a good chief in engine-house service, looking after men, horses and apparatus, but it needs a good deal to make an efficient commander in the roar and excitement, heat and peril of a big conflagration. Frederick the Great got scared and ran away from his first battle, skilful and daring a general as he became with experience.

The Changes of Law.

The supreme court, in the case of Burns vs. Anderson, reported in The News of yesterday, decided a question of more than usual importance. The point is, that where the rate of interest which a promissory note shall bear after maturity is not specified in the note, it bears the rate fixed by law after that time, namely six per cent, and the judgment which may be rendered upon such a note bears the same rate. Lawyers are not the only persons interested in a decision of this kind; it affects every business man. This question, although apparently a simple one, is one upon which the reported cases and text writers widely differ, the courts of some of the states holding one way and some another. The United States supreme court, however, has held in two cases the same doctrine as that of Burns vs. Anderson, and the weight of recent authority seems to be in favor of it. It expressly overrules Kilgore vs. Powers, decided by Judge Kilgore in 1838, and reported in 5 Black, 22, which has been for nearly half a century the settled law of this state.

Law is said to be the "perfection of reason," or, as a distinguished jurist of our own state has expressed it, the "essence of common sense;" but we are made painfully aware at times that it is susceptible to change. A learned writer has said "that the jurisprudence of one age has become the object of mere historic remembrance in another." A few years hence, in many instances, rendered parts of the law obsolete. We may go to the library of an old lawyer and find many books which in the early years of his practice at the bar, were standard works; but now they are crowded from the shelves into some obscure corner and their places filled either by new books entirely or new editions of the old, in which the notes and annotations are so many and so voluminous as to render the text almost useless for practical use. New and changed opinions inevitably attend a new generation, and it would be strange if the law in every respect were to remain unaltered. A lawyer's researches in this busy day are mainly directed to the writers of his own time, but failing there he may, in the curious pursuit of some ancient precedent, brush the dust from his Coke or his Plowden and push his inquiries back to the dawn of modern law, the end of Elizabeth's reign. How rarely does he think of those ancient delights of the old English lawyers, Bracton, and Glanville, and Fleta, and Britton, and Thelwall! They are not now cited as authority and are comparatively useless; because later and better works have superseded them, and we can not and ought not to look to the law as an exception; but the change here is more cautious, and properly so. No man in this country will now wear knee breeches and a powdered wig any more than he would comply with the "blue laws" of Connecticut, or become reconciled to star chamber justice. But it is not the change that bothers us so much as "ignorantia legis non excusat." If we could shield ourselves from the consequences of our own acts by pleading ignorance of the law, its changes would be immaterial. For the sake of justice it is happily provided otherwise. Our statute laws, "irrepealable inducements," as Matthew Hale called them, give rise to no trouble on this score, for every man who will take the time may easily ascertain what is here provided. It is only the common law that is equivocal and very frequently it is fatally so. The courts of Wisconsin may apply it one way on a given subject and the courts of Indiana another, and the courts of Ohio still another, but if one man does business in all of these states he is conclusively presumed to know the law as there expounded. The complex nature of our government makes our judicial system, equally complex, and the common law, "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years," is made to be "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." It would require a mind of wonderful force of concentration and great power of analysis to bring order out of this chaos. Text-writers on various subjects have attempted it, but their success is not regarded as marvelous.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The ruination at Conkling's home over the choice of delegates to the New York republican convention resulting in two sets, a Grant and anti-Grant, is prophetic of what will come upon the republican party at large if the politicians persist in forcing Grant. An argument against ex-congressman Crittenden, of Missouri, who is now a candidate for governor of that state, is that he is a prohibitionist. In support of this it is alleged that he made two successful contests for Congress without touching liquor or betting a drinking place. A man who could do this in Missouri surely has a strength that isn't to be sneezed at.

The cost of bringing the queen of England and court up from Osborne to London to open parliament and return in two days, is said to have been \$7,500.

The political speculator is already abroad. The stalwart Washington correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial gives Blaine 120 votes at Chicago on the first ballot, Sherman 242 and Grant 274. It takes 370 votes to elect.

Pushing Grant for a third term is treason to the republican party and the principles of the republic, and it will be the mistake of the lives of those who foolishly wander on that forbidden path. If this raid by the old crowd is successful the practical effect will be to turn the country over, in all its departments, to the democratic party and the control of the confederate caucus. (Cincinnati Commercial.)

WHAT THEY SAY.

Laconic utterances of our Great Men. (Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.)

Jim Blaine—I am opposed to giving any man a third term.

W. A. Belknap—Grant must be elected. I must be vindicated.

Simon Cameron—I perfectly agree with what Mr. Don says.

Winfield S. Hancock—Speaking of strong men, where are we now?

Mr. Governor Sprague—Has any one seen anything of Professor Hild?

Col. Fred Grant—I am for "pa" and "pap" first and last all the time.

Thomas A. Hendricks—Take second place? No, I'll be hanged if I do.

Ben Butler—Although slightly disfigured about the eyes, I'm still in the ring.

Samuel J. Tilden—Talking of nominations, I positively refuse to be counted out.

Carl Schurz—It's not the presidential bee that is buzzing in my ears.

Don Cameron—The wish of the masses should be respected when it agrees with my wishes.

John Sherman—Is my humble estimation of you a great victory than an appointment.

George M. Robeson—There is still four years of good stealing left in the navy department.

Thomas P. Bayard—A president from Delaware and hard money, are the cures for hard times.

U. S. Grant—Accept? Of course I will. The individual who thinks I won't is a blasted idiot.

Roscoe Conkling—This country needs a wise man for its ruler. Not too wise, but just enough to run from a shogin.

E. B. Washburn—If the republic leaders don't think I'm dark enough for a dark horse, they can paint my legs black.

Henry Ward Beecher—With me as vice president upon the Grant ticket, I look like a cat put on the opposition upon the ragged edge.

David Davis—Light weight men generally make light weight presidents. Nominating conventions of both parties should bear this in mind.

THE FACT.

[Harper's Magazine for March.]

Mr. C—was a pastor in a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the western states. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the state prison. Blasted at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of his flock, he immediately called in all his flock and gave them a farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with his presence. Grant was their abomination, and still greater their abomination was the man who had chosen him for his text the following words: "Go to prepare a place for you." "that where I am there ye may be also."

Political Matters.

The New York greenback state committee has called the state convention to meet at Albany, March 24th.

The Kansas republican committee have resolved to call a state convention to elect delegates to the national convention and to nominate presidential electors.

Senator Dawes has been elected president of the Massachusetts political state convention, called for April 15.

Sanford chairman of the committee on resolutions.

The election in Philadelphia.

The election in Philadelphia, resulted in the choice of a republican 3 regular democrats and 1 independent democrat. The electoral college stands, 26 republicans and 5 democrats. With those holding over the common council will stand, 72 regular and independent republicans and 12 democrats.

Murders and Murderers.

Henry Osborn, a white coal miner of Des Moines, killed his wife by mauling her head with a stone. The murderer has not yet been caught, but the lynchers are after him.

An old man named John Patterson was fatally stabbed and robbed of about \$50 while sitting on a bench at night on the village of Metamora, Michigan.

An unknown man was found murdered at Venice, Illinois, opposite the upper part of St. Louis.

Bank Note Paper.

At the paper mills of Crane Brothers, Colville, Mass., large quantities of banknote paper are made for the government. The strict inspection of quality is observed, and no paper is made unless a pin head being sufficient to condemn a sheet, and the employees arriving and departing are carefully watched. Armed guards patrol the premises and grounds at night, and no approach to them is permitted. Twenty-four women were sent from the treasury department as counters and examiners, and are each to count 30,000 notes. The precaution is necessary to prevent duplication of sheets for dishonest purposes.

Railroad News.

The roads leading to Missouri river points have agreed to draw up a drawing for redemption tickets from all offices, except regular ticket offices along the line of their respective roads, also, allowing a commission of one dollar on all tickets from Chicago to Missouri river points, and to Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado.

The St. Paul and Sioux City, the Chicago and St. Paul, and the Minnesota and North Wisconsin railways have been consolidated. The consolidated road will be controlled mainly by New York and Chicago capitalists.

National Base Ball Association.

At the annual meeting of the judiciary committee of the national base ball association held at New York, the first prize—the national pennant—was awarded the Albany club, the second position to the National club, of Washington, and a third to the Holyokes. The following officers were elected: President, H. B. Garrett, of Albany; vice-president, H. B. Bennett, of Washington; secretary and treasurer, J. A. H. Bennett, of Columbus, Ohio; judiciary committee, H. Bennett, of Washington, and M. Staples, of Jersey City.

Obituary.

Col. Seth P. Remington, collector of customs at Odessa port, and editor of the daily Journal, died yesterday.

Rev. J. B. Deter, one of the editors of the Religious Herald, the organ of the Baptist church in Virginia, died yesterday, aged 78 years.

F. H. Bowen, a newspaper writer well known in Iowa, committed suicide by sticking his head in a pail of water and holding it there.

Those Chicago Hotels.

The associated press dispatch, stating that Chicago hotels will not raise their rates during the session of the republican convention, is a deliberate untruth. The price for a room, ordinary room, for which a per day is charged, will be \$2.00. The rate for a single room will be \$1.00. People will be fleeced and robbed as they were during the Grant reception days.

Another Burden for Russia.

The grasshopper has appeared in Russia and has alarmed the government, which has already sent a scientific commission to investigate the habits and possible depredations of the unwelcome visitor, and with most unwelcome results.

A Large Industry.

South Carolina has 17 cotton factories with 95,438 spindles, 1,033 looms and 2,293 operatives. The capital invested is nearly \$3,600,000.

A Youthful Granger.

A promising youth about to be chastised by his father, called out a neighborhood mob to protect him from the "superstitious middle man."

Man to Tell.

The man who refused to tell all about his family when a census man came around, says himself liable to fine.

Shyl.

O winter! O stilling, stilling winter, I would with a breath I could have you away! My shyl is lying, my shyl is lying, lying and sighing and dying for May!

O winds wildly whirling, O winds roughly whirling, I would with a breath I could have you away! My shyl is lying, my shyl is lying, lying and sighing and dying for May!

I charm you by your quiet beauty to sleep!

O just for the bright little wings of the blue bird!

O just for a glimpse of the blue of the spring! O sunshine of amber, food all her dim chamber! O one birds, fly quick to her window, and sing.

O plinks and wild roses! O wild plinks and roses! All covered with drills of black leaves in the woods; By her cheeks red and burning, and restlessly turning, I charm you to hasten the life of your buds.

O lilies, beautiful, beautiful lilies! O open of buds, and as far as the face! By her finger loosened her bosom's tender, I charm you to wake and bring to bloom!

O violets, under the still, sleepy grass! O violets, so soft as the blue of the sky! Take of the slow, sliding sunbeams, I charm you From darkness and death by the light of your eyes!

Daffodils, daffodils, sun-munching daffodils, Waiting for April to see you stir! By the dancing fall of the long, yellow tresses And her white shoulders, I charge you, revive.

O daisies, ye modest and meek little daisies, O open of buds, and as far as the face! Come back to the borders and beds of her garden, I charm you by all her unspokeable grace!

O hyacinths purple, so lovely purple, O open of buds, and as far as the face! Such delicate, such delicate, such delicate! I charm you to come by the color shot over The soft stolen sleep of her holiday gown.

Wild winter, wild, plink, plink, plink winter! I would with a breath I could have you away! My shyl is lying, my shyl is lying, lying and sighing and dying for May!

—[ARCH. CANBY.]

SCAPES.

State Bernhardt weighs No. 5 doves.

The late Hepworth Dixon died poor.

There are 5,000 Germans in Louisville.

The late Mr. Roebuck left all his property unconditionally to his wife.

Morley's "Flagellation of Christ" is in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. Scribner.

Mrs. General Custer is residing in New York, where she is secretary of the ladies' decorative art association.

Bessie Turner, the smart married in the Tilton-Beecher case, has married, abandoned the stage and gone to housekeeping.

Rev. James W. Sparks, notwithstanding the inhibition of his denomination, has started a ritualist church in Brooklyn.

Dr. Edward Eggleston says that "probably one-half of the effort put forth in Sunday school work is wasted, and some of it worse than wasted."

THE FISH.

The Greenback Express states that Tilden has given \$100,000 to the Irish relief fund, and adds, with nervous rapidity: "This is a humorous paragraph, because it is a lie."

Dr. John Hall says he has seen as much of wholesale revivals as he ever wanted to see. Such revivals, he says, are the number of the reaction and wholesale relapse into sin.

Gen. L. H. di Casola, the well known archaeological explorer, and the director of the Metropolitan museum of art in New York, has been L.L.D. by Princeton university.

Private letters from England announce

that the young earl of Shrewsbury is said to have eloped with the younger of the two professional beauties, with whose name and features the public are so familiar.

Mr. Ernest Renan is described as "short, elderly gentleman, clean shaven, with a very large nose, slightly marked as if by a small-pox, a head rather bald on top, and a profusion of whitening hair on the sides, his bushy white eyebrows overhanging tired but humorous eyes."

According to the correspondents of western papers, Senator Pendleton lives in a

style of magnificent manner, and reserved as well. The Dayton Journal says that he "may be one of the great men of the future in his personal habits, for he is as hard to reach as an oyster in the soup-bowl of a charity entertainment."

Lothar Von Faber, the well known Ger-

man jeweler in New York, has just presented the sum of \$125,000 marks to the city of Nuremberg, the interest of which he requires to be paid annually to some intelligent, skilled and in all respects worthy mechanic, for the purpose of establishing him in an independent business.

Dr. J. R. Witherspoon, of Greensboro,

Ala., grandson of one of the signers of the declaration of independence, owns a manuscript of the bible which an English monarch formerly owned, and which was found in the days of king Alfred. The style is the old German text-hand, and the first chapter of every book beginning with a large capital illuminated with different colored inks.

The old fashioned rails are used on some

horse car lines, and on Saturday, while riding in a street car in New York, a gentleman was literally ploughed by his seat by a piece of iron protruding from the side of the car and into the muscular part of the thigh. The car had to be out to pieces before the unfortunate man could be relieved from his painful position.

The beautiful poem, "Carfax shall not ring

to-night," was written by Miss Rosa Hawkins in April, 1857. She was born in Miskawaka, Ind., July 18, 1850, and was consequently only 17 years old when the ballad was written. It is the most beautiful of the kind. The poetess is now married to Edmund O. Thorpe, and now lives in Chicago. The poem was first published in the Detroit Commercial Advertiser, in 1870.

A gentleman in riding through the country

in Georgia recently came upon a log cabin surrounded by a patch of ground, which a negro woman was plowing with a team of girls. Near by the husband and father was feeding a stout and healthy mule. Upon being asked why he did not hitch his mule to the plow, instead of his daughters, he replied: "Because the mule is mine, and the girls are mine and de gals is mine; nobody is gwien to tech dem away, but if de murgorn on dis mule ain't raised dis fall de white man will take dem away, and de mule will be de white man's. So I thought I'd keep the mule fat, and de gals and de old man work, and save dis homeless as much as I can, fur if de wust comes I can ride off de mule, and go some where else to work. Dat's it, boss; de work won't hurt de gals."

An Owl's Flight of 800 Miles.

(New York Times.)

The White Star steamship Celtic, which arrived from Liverpool Wednesday, the 11th inst., brought a strange passenger who had boarded that vessel in mid-ocean. A large white owl dropped on one of the forward sparrows an exhausted condition one evening when the vessels was about 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. When brought to deck by a sailor it was found to be nearly dead from lack of food, and almost too weak to eat. It had become greatly emaciated and trembled violently in endeavoring to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed in its beak. It slowly recovered and now shows no signs of its long journey. It had been blown off the coast of Newfoundland by the westerly gales. Finding itself once out at sea it had probably ceased making efforts to reach land and had drifted before the gale. It was only after about 800 miles that it was rescued.

Thought the Road was Queer.

[Flora Beccore.]

A hotel keeper at Rosville was aroused the other night by an antiquated old granger, who sat over the front wheels of an open lumber wagon, and who was evidently disturbed about something. "I say, mister," said the rustic, scratching his head with the butt of his whip, "this here's the road to Frankfort, ain't it?" "Certainly," said the hotel keeper, "it is the road to Frankfort."

CAN FISHES TALK?

Seth Green Thinks they Can—TROUT THAT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FISHING ROD AND A STRAIGHT STICK—STEALING BAIT BUT AVOIDING THE BARBED HOOK.

[New York Sun interview.]

"Upon what observation of the habits of fishes would you base your belief in an intelligent fish dialect?"

"Principally upon my knowledge of their forethought, sagacity, memory, and general intelligence," was Mr. Green's answer. "In the first place, I have seen trout that are about 5,000 brook trout, each of which was taken from its native waters with a fly. We caught a great many of them easily, because they abounded, and seldom had been fished for in the wild, remote lakes of the Adirondacks. But when, after they had taken the fly, we would then slowly enter our boats with the reel, they had a good chance to see the rod and line, and understand just how the matter stood. Of course, they lived and kept healthy, for we put them in fresh water tanks and took good care of them. But I tell you, they are memories, and they never forget the exact shape and appearance of the implements that took them from their native waters. After their transfer to Celestina, they came to know me perfectly. I fed them, and every time I came to the pond they followed me around and kept as close to me as they could, without leaving the water. Of course they displayed more life and determination when I had a few minnows in a damaged condition, always friendly when they knew it was perfectly safe to be so. Frequently I have taken friends up to the pond with me to see these pets, and show how they behaved there."

"You would consider a fishing rod behind me?"

"For a while, the trout remained on friendly terms as ever, until I held the fishing rod out over the water, where they could see it and the tackle attached to it. Instantaneously, as their former enemy, and got out of the way. Let me go along there with a clean stick and no tackle on it, and they pay no attention to it. For five years my memory has been of the trout in this respect. All the other trout in the Celestina ponds were hatched there from spawn, and as they had not any unpleasant experiences with fishing rods or tackle, they are no more frightened when they implement appears near them than when the most friendly act is done for them. I never refused the anxious or ambitious young man the privilege of casting his rod, and I have seen many of them live, for I know that these fish have had experience enough to look out for themselves."

"Mr. Green, because these fish have memory you will hardly contend that their intelligence reaches a point where language becomes a necessity?"

"No, sir; but because they have an sagacious intelligence, which teaches them to profit by the fortunes of misfortune that befall the family of fishes. How many men are there of whom the same can be said with invariable truth? Talk about natural sagacity, why I can point you to a striking instance of it in a familiar form, as fishes as you ever heard of among men. In the winter of 1849 I hunted deer and fished for trout in the Adirondacks. I fished, putting down 100 hooks through the holes in the ice about eight rods apart. These hooks were baited with good-sized minnows, and all of the fish that I caught were taken from the same hole. I was so surprised that I decided to try an experiment with this hook. I fastened the upper end of the line to an overhanging piece of brush, so that nothing could interfere with the bait below without making the brush vibrate. The next morning I went to the place and found that the hooks were all taken. 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